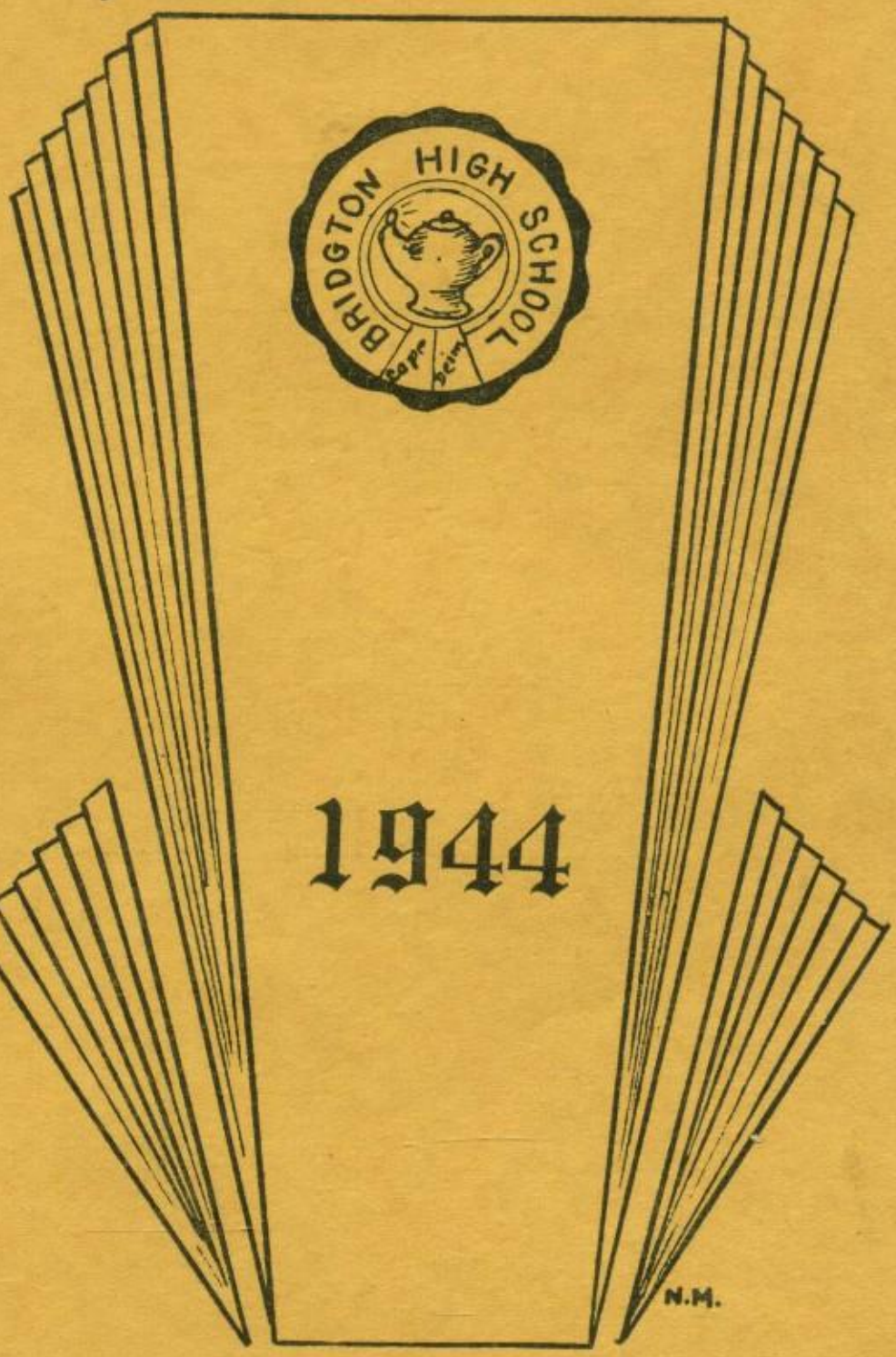
The Corona



1944

Bridgton High School

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Bridgton, Maine

RAY W. HODSDON, *Mgr.*

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DEDICATION

It is with great pleasure that the students of Bridgton High School dedicate the 1914 edition of THE CORONA *to Miss Laura Baker, our language teacher, who has been with us for a great number of years. We feel that this is the least we can do to show our appreciation and gratitude for the things she has accomplished for us.*

THE CORONA

Published by the Students of Bridgton High School

Bridgton, Maine June, 1944 Price 35 Cents

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Editorials

THE NEED OF EDUCATION IN WAR TIME

The education of boys and girls in war time is very essential. They should learn to get along on less than they are now, in other words, learn to economize.

Some of the boys who are graduating will go directly from school into the service; others will probably go into war work.

The more education you have now, the better chance of getting ahead in your work you will have later on. The parents should encourage their children to study more and do less fooling, to make sure their child's school work is done before considering whether he should go to the movies or not.

There are many young men and women who have not yet finished school who are leaving and going into war work. I think something should be done about it. Boys and girls should not be allowed to leave school and go to work, unless it is absolutely necessary. The young people are seeing how much money there is to be made in the war plants and they leave school to go to work.

Then there is the question of the parents who work on the night shift in war plants and leave their children at home to run loose up and down the streets. Sooner or later the child is going to get himself into serious trouble running wild the way he is. There should be a stop put to all of this. There should be some recreational centers in the cities and towns to take up the young people's mind, but if the parents *must* work on the night shift, they should leave their children in good hands.

When the young people get so that they are earning a lot of money, they feel that they can do just about as they want to do. They begin to go "out." They go to night clubs, dances, "liquor joints," and the like. After a short time of this kind of life the child's mind becomes weak and helpless and they begin to do things that they ordinarily wouldn't have done if they had been properly watched over by their parents or guardians.

After this war, it is *our* generation that will be running the government. We have got to make sure that we are prepared to take over this task. Some of us students will go farther on in school and get a wider knowledge of the work that we will have to take over.

In future years there will be the problem of re-building the war-torn countries. It is our duty to help them. If it wasn't for those countries we would have no

foreign trade. Therefore, we have got to help re-build them again. It will take a good many years to do so and a lot of planning. Once those countries are re-built, we can live peacefully until someone else has the crazy idea of conquering the world.

D. Gammon, '44.

POST-WAR EDUCATIONAL PLANNING

There has been much thought of the new and better things which might put Bridgton on the map after this war. For instance, an airport which would certainly aid Bridgton's commercial trade and bring more tourists to this section of Maine. It has also been suggested that the possibility of having some new and better sidewalks, or perhaps a recreation center, would help. This would be mostly for the benefit of the community people though. But how many have thought of having a new schoolhouse? At a suggestion like that, most people would say, "Why have a new schoolhouse? We've already got one that seems to be taking care of the local children well enough."

The children are very well instructed here but that is about all. In speaking of the building itself I will disclose a few facts that are "open for improvements."

To begin with, the walls afford no sound protection at all, the wooden floor causes noises which distract the students from their work, the rooms are bleak and unattractive, which makes it difficult to inspire a desire for neatness, and the ceilings are so high it makes it difficult for oral recitations, as the echoes tend to fuse the pupils' words into an indistinguishable murmur.

The arrangement of the rooms causes a confused stream of boys and girls passing to their classes after each period. This also causes a disturbing noise over the heads of the grammar school children, whose rooms are directly below the high school. The history teacher has no room of her own at all, only the library which is constantly used by the pupils. There is no spare room which could be used for special work such as drilling prize speaking contestants, graduation speeches, mimeograph work, etc., and no locker rooms in which pupils and teachers might keep their personal belongings. Our principal has no office for consultation with pupils or parents. What private business he does have is usually carried on in the presence of the students or in any empty room that happens to be available at the time.

There are many other things I could easily mention here such as the condition of the roof on a rainy day, rickety stairs, etc., but I will let these few items serve as a reminder.

You probably think this is an odd time to bring up such a suggestion, during war time when there are no materials or labor available, but now is the time to be planning for it. Why not form a small committee to visit a few local schools. I'm sure old Bridgton High which has served so many generations would look rather sickly to them after observing some of the more modern local schools.

I would suggest a consolidated school which would help pay for the expenses to keep it running out of the tuition fees of out-of-town boys and girls. This would probably be the most practical and would save the town unnecessary expenses.

A new school building with better athletic facilities, etc., would greatly enlarge the pupil's interest in school and give, not only him, but the townspeople something to be proud of.

This war has brought about such changes that the construction of a new building, simpler in design, more scientific, and more economical, would be more possible of accomplishment than before the war.

I am making this suggestion to you not in my own interest, as neither I nor any of my classmates will be here to appreciate it, but for the benefit of future generations which are bound to expect better things than those which have gone past, and will appreciate and make good use of the more modern facilities at their disposal.

Wyvern Smith, '45.

CLASS OF 1944

DONALD LARRABEE COCKBURN

"Don" Age 17

General Course

Basketball (3, 4); Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Football (3); Winter Sports (1); Athletic Club (4); President of Class (2); Secretary and Treasurer (4); Student Council (3); Corona Board (4); Intramurals (4); Business Manager of *Hy-Lights* (1); Sports Editor of *Scratches* (4); Presentation of Gifts.

ELAINE MIRIAM CRAIG

"Craig" Age 17

College Course

Basketball (1, 3, 4); Prize Speaking (3), (first prize); Senior Play; French Club (2, 3); Vice President (3); Commercial Club (4); Student Council (4); Corona Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Assistant Business Manager (3); Business Manager (4); Glee Club (1, 2); Editor in Chief of *Hy-Lights* (1); Joke Editor of *Scratches* (4); Salutatorian.

RUTH MAE DARAICH

"Ruthie" Age 17

Commercial Course

First Three years at Freeport High. Basketball (1, 2, 3); Junior Play; Commercial Club (4); Hi-Y Club (2).

REGINALD JOSEPH FADDEN

"Reg" Age 17

General Course

Basketball (4); Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Football (4); Commercial Club (4); Student Council (2); Intramurals (4); Sports Editor of *Hy-Lights* (1); Assistant Joke Editor of *Scratches* (4); Athletic Club (4).

DONALD FREDERICK GAMMON

"Gramp" Age 18

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Commercial Club (4); Secretary (4); French Club (2); Senior Play (2); Assistant Editor of CORONA (3); Editor in Chief (4); Student Council (4); President (4); Editor of *Scratches* (4); Class Prophecy.

CLARA ALBERTA GRAFFAM

"Al" Age 18

HOME ECONOMICS COURSE

Senior Play (4); Commercial Club (4); Glee Club (1, 2).

GLORIA ALICE KNIGHT

"Glo" Age 17

GENERAL COURSE

Basketball (3, 4); Senior Play (4); Commercial Club (4); Athletic Club (4); Winter Sports (1); Sports Award (1, 2, 4); Joke Editor of *Scratches* (4); Class Will.

PHYLLIS MAE LINSCOTT

"Nig" Age 17

HOME ECONOMICS COURSE

Prize Speaking (3); Senior Play (4); Commercial Club (4); Manager of Girls' Basketball (4); Assistant Editor of *Scratches* (4); Sports Award (4); Class Prophecy.

VERNA ANNETTE MARTIN

"Beana" Age 19

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Basketball (2, 3, 4); Senior Play (4); Athletic Club (4); Secretary (4); Commercial Club (4); Treasurer (4); Student Council (4); Secretary (4); Editor in Chief of *Scratches* (4); Class Editor (4); Sports Editor (4); Sports Awards (1, 2, 4).

IRMA DEWITT MAXFIELD

"Mac" Age 18

COMMERCIAL COURSE

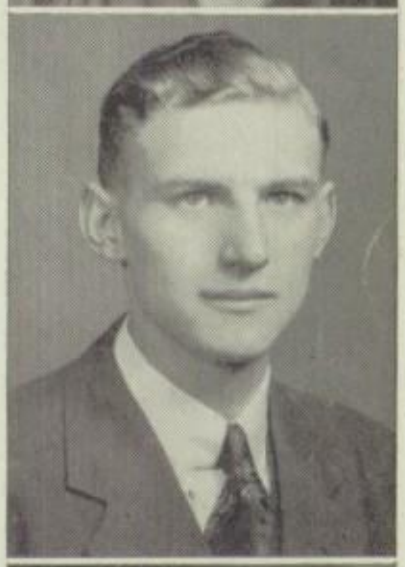
Commercial Club (4); Class President (1); Class Secretary (2, 3); Student Council (3, 4); Class History.

WILBUR DAVID MOULTON

"Willie" Age 17

GENERAL COURSE

Basketball (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Baseball (3, 4); Athletic Club (4); Class Treasurer (2); Assistant Business Manager of *Hy-Lights* (1); Intramurals (4); Class Marshal.



ALICE PAULINE PEARY

"Al" Age 18

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Commercial Club (4); Senior Play (4).

HARRIET LOUISE PEARE

"Weasie" Age 17

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Prize Speaking (3); Third Prize; Commercial Club (4); Address to Undergraduates.

CHARLOTTE COLVIN PRENTICE

"Chardie" Age 17

COLLEGE COURSE

Senior Play (4); French Club (3, 4); Treasurer (4); Class Treasurer (3); Glee Club (4).

DOROTHY MAE RIDLON

"Dot" Age 17

HOME ECONOMICS COURSE

Commercial Club (4); Glee Club (3, 4).

IDYLLENE MAE SMITH

"Smitty" Age 18

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Basketball (4); Prize Speaking (3); Athletic Club (4); Treasurer (4); Commercial Club (4); Vice President (4); President of Class (3, 4); Vice President (2); Glee Club (1); Class Editor of *Scratches* (4); Literary Editor of *Hy-Lights* (1); Sports Award (4); Honor Essay.

EDNA EVELYN VIITALA

"Eddie" Age 18

General Course

Second and third years at Bridgton Academy. Basketball (2, 3); Hockey (3); Glee Club (2, 3); Minstrel Show (2).

NORMA WITHAM WARD

"Norm" Age 17

Commercial Course

Commercial Club (4); Secretary (4); Glee Club (1); Vice President of Class (4); Student Council (3); Assistant Editor of *Scratches* (4); Literary Editor of *Scratches* (4); Valedictorian.

MARGARET ROBINSON WENTWORTH

"Margie" Age 18

College Course

Basketball (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Senior Play (4); French Club (2, 3); Commercial Club (4); President (4); Athletic Club (4); President (4); Student Council (2, 4); Corona Board (2, 3, 4); Sports Editor of *Scratches* (4); Vice President of Class (3); Sports Editor of *Hy-Lights* (1); Sports Award (1, 2, 4); Presentation of Gifts.

MARJY ELEANOR WENTWORTH

"Marj" Age 17

General Course

First three years at Rangeley High. One-act Play Contest (1, 2, 3); Junior Drama (3); Speaking Contest (1, 2, 3); Second Place (1, 3); Glee Club (1, 2).

Literary

THE SMUGGLER

To most of us the word "smuggler" has a dark look and a repulsive sound. I am going to tell you about a smuggler who brought light and hope to hundreds.

Jean D'argent was a young Frenchman who had escaped to England just ahead of the German occupation of his beloved country. Although safe himself, Jean was very sad over the plight of his country.

Jean had finally worked out a plan of helping his countrymen which had left the Germans gnashing their teeth in rage and chagrin. He had devised a way of getting the little children out of the country into safety.

In preparation for the particular venture I am going to tell you about, Jean had slept during the day. When the evening shadows began to fall he was awakened by his landlady. As he always did before his excursions, he visited pere Lalonde, the good priest who blest him and blest his undertaking. Jean had been very lucky, for there were many perils to beset his path. There were challenges from British ships and guards. There were enemy boats, fogs, and German guards on the French coast. But Jean was clever.

This night as he moored his small craft, the mist was nearly rain. It was hard to see but Jean's eyes had become accustomed to the dark.

This was his old home town and well he knew the rocks on the beach. A little path led up to the village but Jean preferred not to take it, as a sentry was apt to be met there. He made his way over fences and through fields till he came to the town. So far all had gone well but the Germans would be patrolling the streets at intervals, and Jean did not wish to be caught. The blacksmith lived near the center of the town. Now he was almost running and straining his ears for the smallest sound. All of a sudden he heard sharp words and the sound of blows. He stopped and listened. The words came in drunken gutteral German. At any minute the Germans might come out of the house and discover him. He glanced up and down the street. He was fairly caught. On one side was a solid wall of houses and shops built French fashion right to the sidewalk. On the other side was a picket fence too high to scale. Poor Jean! the perspiration poured down over his temples. What was he to do? He must succeed for the sake of the little children. He must be bold. He stepped right up to the house and listened again. Jean saw two doors and he listened at each. By the sounds he could tell from which part of the building the noises came. He grasped the handle of the door from which no noises came and pulled hard. He found an old coal bin inside and got into it just as the angry Germans stumbled out of the house. They were yelling and cursing, and what do you think about? Two nights before a dozen children had been taken from a nearby town.

On entering the house Jean saw a dark form lying on the floor. The man moved and Jean seized his gun, gagged him with his scarf, and dragged the man into the coal bin.

He put on extra speed to make up for the lost time. In five minutes he was at Monsieur Chappellis, the blacksmith. There he found a dozen children, ranging in age from five to thirteen. They were a sad group, but very brave. Tears of anguish shone in their eyes but they never fell.

"You older children guide the younger ones," Jean directed. They were fortunate enough to encounter no Germans. On arriving in England they received food and clothes for the journey to America.

These children of France are learning to know and love America, and to speak our language. Someday, when the war is over, they will return to La Belle France that they love so well.

WINNIFRED HILTON, '47.

SCRAPPILY MARRIED

"So nice of you, Abner, to decide to shave off that hateful little mustache you've been cultivating and trimming for months," said plump, rosy-cheeked Mrs. Rankin to her lanky, stoop-shouldered, red-nose husband. "Now just as soon as I get these dishes washed and you get through shaving, we'll walk out to the avenue and see the picture at the Strand. It'll seem good to appear in public with you again without everyone staring at you and wondering what you're trying to do to your upper lip."

"Oh, well, the best of experiments fail," sighed Abner Rankin, slinging a towel over his shoulder and shuffling towards the bathroom. "I suppose you'll feel a lot better when my face is as smooth as a pool ball. A lot of these movie actors have mustaches, and you think they look just swell. But me, hum! I'm only old Abner, your dumb and faithful spouse. Some day everyone we meet on the street will smile and think how young I look for a man who's been married so long."

"You get in that bathroom and dispose of that horrid brush under your nose before I throw a plate at you, Abner Rankin," fumed his better half. "If anyone we don't know smiles at you, it'll be because they're naturally kind to old people and dumb animals. Now get in there and start at shaving. And don't forget to clean off the upper lip. You're getting awfully absent-minded lately."

Abner went into the bathroom and lathered his face, mumbling under his breath something about petticoat government. Amy Rankin finished washing dishes and went upstairs to change her clothes. She was down and ready to leave before Abner had gone up to change into his blue serge suit, but Abner made good time and soon they were out on the avenue and walking along together toward the theater.

"So nice of you, Abner, to have shaved off that obnoxious little brush," said Amy for the third time since leaving the house, staring up at the left side of Abner's long face. "You look so much smoother and younger."

"Thanks," mumbled Abner, wondering if they would meet any pretty young women on the street. "See that you treat me better'n a hound dog."

Abner's eyes brightened quickly. A very chic young lady came around a cor- at the Portland Shipyard.
ner and approached them. He kept his eyes on her and, as they met, he was pleased to see her pretty face break out in a big smile. Soon another young lady they met smiled at him openly and his conceit soared. Why shouldn't they smile at him? He looked young and dapper, even without the late lamented mustache.

"Say, Abner, I wish you'd stop making faces at people we meet," Amy snapped suddenly. "Everyone we meet grins like a monkey at you."

"I ain't making faces," frowned Abner. "They smile at me just because they can't help it. I'm so strong and romantic looking this afternoon."

"Fiddlesticks," snorted Amy, rubbing her nose with the pick of the umbrella she always carried when going out. "You must have your coat or shirt on backwards or something like that, to make people notice you."

"Now don't get sarcastic, Amy. Just because you don't attract as much attention as me, you needn't get huffy. Perhaps you will appreciate me more than you have, after this."

As they neared the theater, a group of young boys approached. Suddenly one of the little ruffians burst into loud laughter and pointed a dirty finger.

"Say fellars, lookit that guy's face, will yah. Jest lookit!" he screamed in laughter.

All the boys looked at Abner, and all the little faces contorted with spontaneous glee. Amy stared at them in wonder, as did Abner. What could they see about him that was so comical?

"Abner!" snapped Amy. "What on earth are they laughing at?"

"Lordy, Amy, I don't know!" exclaimed Abner, very much upset. "I haven't the slightest idea what makes them act like that."

"Something's wrong with you. Turn around. Let me look you all over," commanded Amy.

Now, for the first time since leaving the bathroom, Abner faced his wondering wife squarely and what the good lady saw made her eyebrows pop way up under her hat.

"Ohhhhh, Abner," she squealed. "That horrid mustache. You cut off only the left half."

"Huh! What the—" he stammered dumbly, feeling of his lip in frank disbelief. Stiff bristles, however, met his fingers. "Well, can yuh beat—" he trailed off in amazement.

"Oh, you absent-minded wretch," shrilled Amy, brandishing the umbrella.

"I'll brain you, you conceited, dispisable—" she swung hard at his head with her rain insurance, but missed for the first time in her married life. Abner Rankin was already ducking low and sprinting madly for sanctuary in the nearest barber shop, holding one hand cupped tightly over the half-vanished mustache.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXAMS

"Study, study, study! Nothing but endless study for one whole afternoon and evening. Why on earth did I leave all this work until tonight?"

If you had visited the Casey's home on this special night, these would be the lamentations you would have heard. They came from fourteen-year-old Jimmy Casey. He was studying for the twelve-week exams which were scheduled for the next day, and, as you gather, Jim was trying to cram twelve weeks' work into one evening. The clock ticked on—11.30, 12.00, 12.30 — Suddenly — "Jimmy! James Henry Casey. You get to bed this instant! Look at the time."

That was mother. Jimmy continued studying. Oh! What *is* the difference between a complex and compound sentence, and which is correct — who or whom? And who was supposed to figure out the hypotense of a right triangle. Oh, heavens! I've forgotten what a vertebrate is—

"Jimmy! If you don't go to bed immediately you won't go to school tomorrow!"

That was Father. Jimmy worked on—"Now let me see, you take the square of the right side and—" Jeepers! what is that horrible looking thing? It looks like the picture of a caribou in the Biology book but it has donkey's ears and bear's feet and—wait! Here is a whole row of triangles marching toward me. They have arrows in their hands. On the other side is an army of who's, whom's, and verbs. How horrible! What if they should start fighting. Did I say start! They are at it in full force now. There were three "monsters" roaring and stamping around now. The fight continued. Jim started running. The monstrosities followed. Jimmy screamed. They grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him. The largest one let out an awful roar—

"Jimmy! Jimmy! Will you wake up and get upstairs to bed. I've been shaking you and hollerin' for the last minute and you never stirred. Now go to bed. The very idea fallin' asleep on top of your school books."

PHYLLIS BUSWELL, '47.

MAROONED

They were a gay party, the five of them, as they set out that bright morning in early February. There had been a snowstorm the night before and now the whole world seemed to have the atmosphere of a beautiful fairy kingdom.

The members of the party were: Jack Mason, fresh out of college, with high hopes of becoming a Navy pilot; Jean Adams, a Junior at college; young Dr. Barry Benson; his bride, Nancy; and Jeffrey Prale, a guide, who was a very good friend of Jack.

They had left the car at the little settlement, about a mile back, and were proceeding on snowshoes.

"Mount Washington, here we come," shouted Jack.

"See that little hut off to the right, about a mile and a half up? Let's go explore it," he said to his wife.

"Yes, I'm green as a cucumber," she answered gaily, "but I can see now that it's grand fun."

In about three-quarters of an hour they arrived at the camp. Upon entering it they found it was the camp of the man who managed the ski tow. It was a two-room affair, with a bed, stove, table, and three chairs.

Finding wood behind the stove and food in a carton under the table, they decided to fix something to eat. Soon the camp was warm and golden pancakes sizzled on the frying pan.

"Nancy," Jean said, "I do wish I could turn out something like that. I really can't boil water without burning it. You'll have to give me some lessons—." Her sentence was left in the air.

What was that? That horrible roaring noise! They rushed to the door. Like a bolt of thunder echoing across the heavens it came. Tons and tons of flying snow, rocking the earth to its every foundation.

All were struck dumb for several minutes! They retreated into the cabin. Would they escape?

When they had awakened from this stunned silence, and found that they had been spared, they made a rush for the door. Nancy reached it first. Looking out she cried, "Oh!" Just "Oh!"

"What a terrible, horrible situation," Jean whispered. "Whatever will we do?"

The snow avalanche had missed them, that is true. But it had left them stranded! Actually marooned on an island of ice and snow. Where the party had come up a few minutes ago there was now a steep precipice of snow.

"Look, everybody," Jack suggested, "let's take an inventory and find how we stand. I'll be honest. *I* don't see any hope of being rescued. I think we're in an utterly hopeless situation. I know that's not the right spirit, but it's the way I feel."

On examining their supplies they found a ten-pound bag of flour, a tin full of biscuits, and besides the wood in the box, some in the shed. They decided the food must be rationed.

On the fifth day their food was all gone. They had used most of the wood. "Well, folks," said Jeff, I guess we're about done for. It's been nice knowing you all."

Jack took Jean out onto the porch. "You must know that I love you, Jean," he said. "We might as well be happy our last few hours. That is, if you like me," he finished.

"Like you! Jack, I'm crazy about you. How could anyone help loving you? You must know that I think you're the most wonderful—" Their conversation was interrupted by the drone of airplane motors. In a moment everyone was outside. Could it be real. Were they going to be saved? It semed too good to be true.

The plane dropped food, rope, and directions for using the rope. Following these directions, they tied the rope to a corner of the house and dropped it down over the cliff. There was a crust now and they were not likely to start the snow falling again. They had nothing to lose, anyway.

In an hour everyone was safe back in town. It seemed that a plane from the Inland Fish and Game Commission had seen their smoke while flying over. Suspecting trouble, he had reported this. Another plane had been sent out to investigate.

Now Jean is Mrs. Jack Mason, and everybody is happy again.

WINNIFRED HILTON, '47.

DOUBLE DEATH

During a severe blizzard in one of the Northeastern states, two inexperienced mountain climbers were caught in a secluded valley of mountain ranges. Realizing they would be unable to find their way out until the storm subsided, they went in search of shelter. After many hours of searching the men found a cabin which was used by trappers. But by this time one of them, Ted Houston, was seriously ill from exposure. Looking around the cabin, his sturdier companion, Jack Benson, found enough firewood to last a day. There was also some dried herring hanging on the rafters.

That night Ted's condition was worse and most of the time he was delirious. Once during the night he regained semi-consciousness, and kept saying over and

over, to Jack's horror, that he didn't want to be buried alive.

Later the next evening Ted died. His words of the night before kept running through Jack's mind, as he made sure that his companion was really dead.

Early that morning the storm had let up enough so that Jack could bury the body in the snow.

When he returned he built a fire with the last of the wood, ate some of the scanty provisions and went to bed.

When he awoke it was a grey dawn outside and the cold penetrated the camp. He was startled by an instinct that something was wrong. Looking about the room his eyes fell upon the figure of Ted Houston sitting stiffly upright in the chair beside the table. Immediately Jack stumbled toward the figure that was once his dearest friend but was now something horrible. Gathering all his courage, he dragged the body outside and reburied it.

When he had finished and had gone back to the camp, he sat for hours trying to puzzle the thing out. As he grew calmer he convinced himself that he had had a horrible nightmare and that he was not insane.

To help him stop worrying he got his axe and went hunting for firewood. It was late when he returned and he was more than ready for a good night's sleep.

The next morning when he awoke he was petrified at seeing the same horrible thing happen again. He told himself that he must keep his sanity no matter what happened. Some evil power must be playing a game with him. Again Jack buried the body and went dazed into the cabin.

That evening he was too excited to get the cabin ready for the night. Jack decided that this time he was going to sit up all night and see just what was happening. He took out his diary and wrote down all his thoughts of the episode. But he could not resist his exhaustion and early in the morning he went to sleep.

He awoke late in the afternoon and there was the same cringing nightmare before him. This was too much for him. He was going to make sure this time that it would never happen again. With his old hunting rifle he stood over the corpse and shot him through the head. Then he used the last bullet on himself.

Late that same night three men came stalking into the camp. One was a stalky-built doctor, one, a sheriff from a nearby town, the other was a close friend of both Houston and Benson. They were sent to search for the two men but when they saw them lying on the floor of the cabin they realized they were too late.

At once they all agreed that being lost had worn on their nerves so that they had been in a fight and had killed each other. All this theory was shattered when the doctor examined them and found that Ted was already dead when shot and was also frozen.

Investigating around they found a shallow place, ten yards from the camp, that would be big enough to place a human body in. Around it were dozens of tracks leading to and from the camp.

What did all this mean? Ted had been dead for hours, perhaps days, and since he could not have frozen to death, as there was still wood in the camp, there was only one thing left: Ted must have died and Jack probably buried him in the grave. But why had he dug up the body, brought him into the camp and shot him when he was already dead!

The sheriff then searched the cabin high and low for clues. He almost missed the most important thing, the diary. He was sure it would contain the missing pieces. In scrawly writing they read of Jack's adventures and of his thoughts. Then they all realized what must have happened.

When Ted kept saying he didn't want to be buried alive it worked on Jack's subconscious mind so deeply that when he was asleep his inner emotions made him go and release his friend's "torture" of being buried alive. He tried to remain sane but he was overpowered when it kept repeating. If he had been able to remain awake all through that one night, Jack would have probably been cured of his fear and therefore automatically stop digging up the body. But the last time overpowered him, and he insanely thought that the body was something he could get rid of only by killing and ending his own life.

VIRGINIA BROOKS, '47.

SHORT POEMS

MY BELOVED COUNTRY

My country is a wonderful land,
  Where thoughts are clear and free,
A country of great understanding
  As clear as the blue of the sea,
A country of many great people,
  Of patriots brave and true:
These things help make my country
  The land of the red, white, and blue.

LAURA MCALLISTER, '46.

TIME TO GET UP

Through the stillness of early morn
A light cuts the air like a big, brass horn.
It wakes the sleeping beast and fowl,
And calls the cats from their all-night prowl.

"Me-oow!"

The rooster hoarsely starts to crow,
The hens are uneasy, the creatures know
The daily chores have now begun—
TODAY is passing on the run!

"Oh, Junior!"

MARGARET WENTWORTH, '44.

SPRING

When the birds start winging northward,
  And the trees are budding anew;
When the winds from the south are blowing,
  And the grass is coming through;
When the day grows hours longer,
  And the sky is clear and blue:
    IT'S SPRING!

When the frogs are croaking in the brook,
  And the moon is large and yellow;
When the nights are nice for dreaming,
  Each lassie with her fellow;
When the earth is nearing its highest peak
  Rich, and full, and mellow:
    IT'S SPRING!

PHYLLIS BUSWELL, '47.

GETTING UP STEAM

The mill's gray tower like a sentinel
  Stands guard at the end of the street.
The heavy black smoke billows upward
  Turning gray as the drooping clouds meet.

In the dampness it floats downward,
  Like a mist coming in from the sea;
The whistle shrieks like a fog-horn
  It's noon time now, you see!

IDYLLENE SMITH, '44.

SKATING

Over a carpet of crystal glass
  With motions swift and wide,
Like something with quickly acquired wings
  You blithely and silently glide.

Sounds come to you from across the ice
  Where merry folk have their play,
And Jack Frost flirts with everyone
  On this wonderful wintry day.

CONNIE CROSSMAN, '46.

WE WANT WINGS

Speaking for boys of the U. S. A.—
  In every skypath rings
The roar of mighty planes which say,
  "Come, boys, and earn your wings!"

Should I live to be four score and ten,
  My wish until I die,
Would be like that of other men—
  The pressing urge to fly!

GORDON SMITH, '46.

A HAUNTED HOUSE

The house was dark upon the hill,
And shutters creaked in the night so still,
The rusty latch upon the door
Was destined to open never more.

But there were steps on the stroke of
twelve!
The cobwebs swayed upon the shelves,
And souls from Limbo now returned
To the eternal task they had rightfully
earned.

Doomed to sigh, to moan, and shriek
Forever
and ever
While good souls sleep.

PATRICIA LOMBARD, '46.

MY DAD

In spite of your sight, you are thoughtful
and kind,
It's a shame you must go through your
life always blind.
You are happy and jolly, filled with
poetry and song,
You love all that's right, hate the vulgar
and wrong.
You are friendly and kind, Dad, good-
natured and wise.
I love you sincerely; let me be your eyes!

EDNA KILGORE, '46.

SKIING

When you watch 'em skiing, it looks like
fun,
Swishing and swooping over a run,

But when I try this "simple" game,
I usually end by feeling quite lame.

The easy turn that's called a "cristy"
Still to me is somewhat misty.

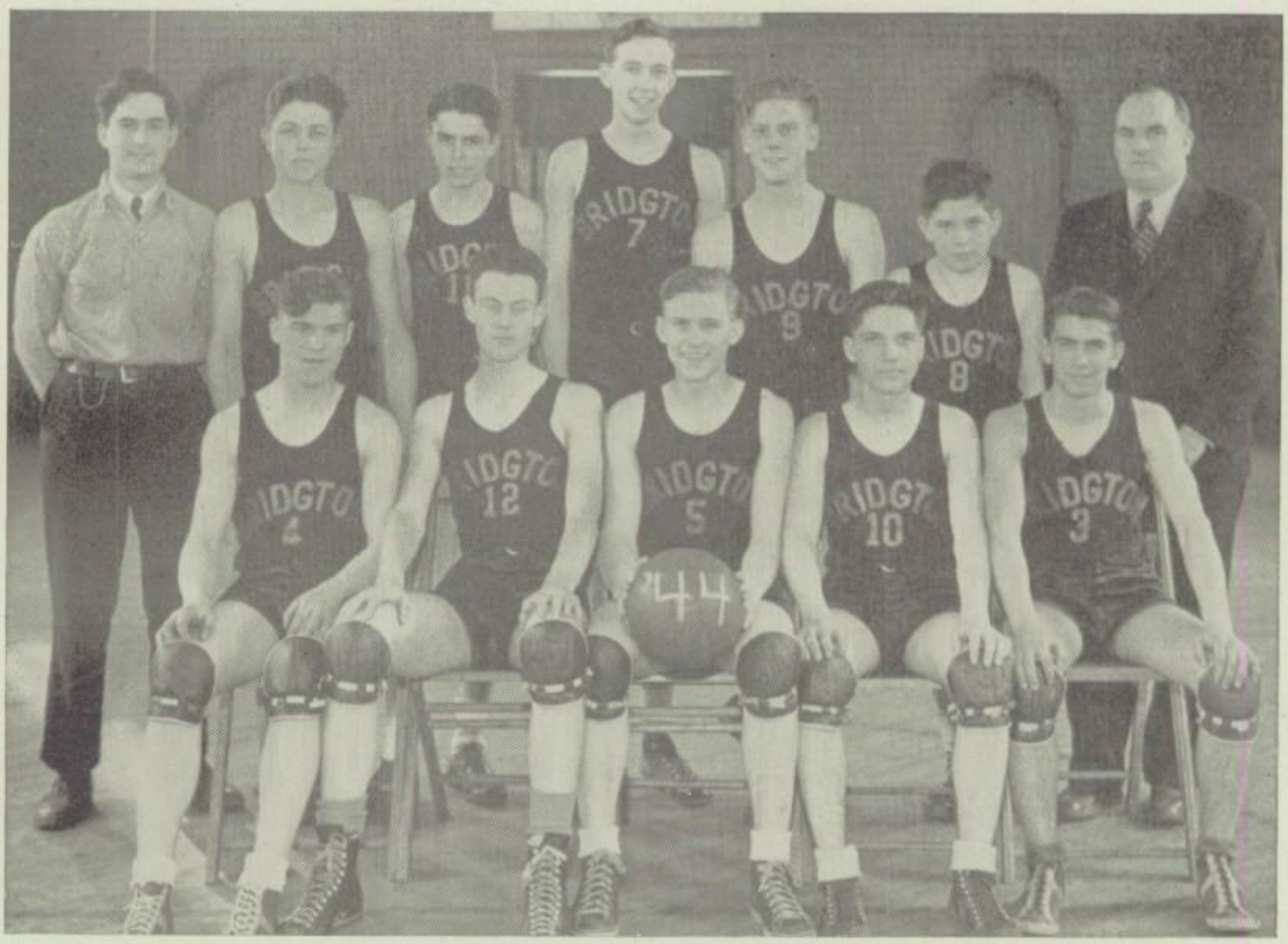
I try to stop; my skis will cross!
I tell myself, "Hey, you're the boss!"

But now I'm flying above a tree,
Both feet are there, but ne'er a ski.

It's then this story must surely end,
For who goes skiing with bones to mend?

SHELDON PRENTICE, '46.

Sports



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: Blake, E. Robbins, B. Robbins, Smith, Irish, Boutilier, Coach Reagan.
Front Row: L. Moulton, Dietrich, W. Moulton, Fadden, Cockburn.

BASKETBALL

This year the Bridgton High School basketball team had a disappointing season. With only two varsity and three Junior varsity men left from last year and a few other boys who had never played before, we could not equal last year's championship outfit.

Mr. Reagan, the new coach, has spent his time and effort to help the team as much as possible, but although the boys tried their best, they were defeated in every game.

The outstanding game of the season was the last game, played at Bridgton, March 2, with Porter High. We were set to play an overtime period but found that the score was 26 to 24 in favor of Porter.

The varsity members are: Captain, Wilbur Moulton, Donald Cockburn, Reginald Fadden, Llewellyn Moulton, and Dick Deitrich. The subs are: Wyvern Smith, Bruce Robbins, Everett Robbins, Albion Irish, Melvin Boutilier, Fred Potter, and Bourdon Scribner.

The schedule is as follows:

Bridgton	22	Oxford	29
Bridgton	25	Bridgton Academy	44
Bridgton	20	Mechanic Falls	21
Bridgton	11	Potter Academy	28
Bridgton	12	Kennett	23
Bridgton	22	Oxford	25
Bridgton	13	Bridgton Academy	31
Bridgton	15	Porter	24
Bridgton	7	Mechanic Falls	20
Bridgton	30	Potter Academy	41
Bridgton	9	Kennett	19
Bridgton	24	Porter	26

BASEBALL
Back Row: Scribner, Eichles, Potter, Chapman.
Middle Row: Elliott, Moynihan, E. Robbins, Dietrich, B. Robbins, Durfee, Hilton.
Front Row: Cockburn, Irish, Johnson, Fadden, W. Moulton, Peary, L. Moulton.

BASEBALL, 1943

Bridgton High School entered the year 1943 with hopes of having a fairly good team, although we had lost some of our men, due to graduation and calls to the service. Although we tried our best we ended the season with *three* wins and *four* losses. Highlight of the season was the game with Kennett. We were even, five to five at the 10th inning but in the 11th Kennett scored a run and the victory.

Wins were secured over Potter Academy and Mechanic Falls.

Varsity letters were awarded to: Samuel Stuart, Wilbur Moulton, Donald Cockburn, Wilbur Kimball, Richard Carsley, Reginald Fadden, Robert Peary, Merle Hibbard, and Richard Johnson.

DONALD COCKBURN, '44.

FOOTBALL

The football team, coached by our new teacher, Mr. Reagan, started the season with a try at eleven-man football. Transportation being very poor they were not able to schedule any games except a scrimmage with Bridgton Academy.

DONALD COCKBURN, '44.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL
Back Row: Coach Trudell, Lombard, Smith, Brooks, Alexander, Linscott.
Front Row: Libby, Martin, Delano, Wentworth, Craig, Knight.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year Bridgton had a most successful season. The girls came through with only three losses in fifteen. The high scorer was Verna Martin chalking up 304 points. Those making first line-up were:

Forwards: V. Martin, pivoting and dribbling; D. Libby, Johnny on the spot; R. Delano, under the basket shots.

Guards: M. Wentworth (Capt.), center guarding her specialty; G. Knight, she kept the forwards worried; E. Craig, guarding the tall ones just her line.

Substitutes: Smith, Alexander, Lombard, Rand, Brooks, A. Wentworth, Stiles.

The team is losing five letter girls, but the four left, along with some excellent players on the J. V.'s promise something to look forward to next season.

THE SCORES

Bridgton	37	Oxford	45
Bridgton	12	Bridgton Academy	16
Bridgton	37	Mechanic Falls	29
Bridgton	44	Potter Academy	16
Bridgton	37	Oxford	35
Bridgton	35	Bridgton Academy	23
Bridgton	32	Porter High	14
Bridgton	42	Mechanic Falls	23
Bridgton	46	Potter Academy	6
Bridgton	52	South Portland	19
Bridgton	16	Fryeburg	5
Bridgton	31	South Portland	17
Bridgton	39	Fryeburg	12
Bridgton	34	Porter High	37
Bridgton	28	Alumni	14

BRIDGTON HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE ROLL

It is with great pride and gratification that we dedicate these few pages to the former students of Bridgton High School that are now in the service. We all sincerely hope that they may soon be back to do the jobs they like to do, and we know that the job they are now doing will be done well enough so that future generations will not have to go back and do the job over.

H. D.—Honorable Discharge

Ralph Abbott ..... Army
David Adams ..... Navy
Wilbur Arey ..... Marines
Haven Ayer ..... Army
Almon Barker ..... Army
Frank Bartlett ..... Army
Leslie Barker ..... Army Air Corps
Hartley Batchelder ..... Army Air Corps
Dana Bean ..... Navy
Everett Bennett ..... H. D.
Clayton Boutilier ..... H. D.
Guy Boutelle ..... Army
George Bowley ..... Navy
Norman Bressette ..... Navy
James Briggs ..... Army
Frank Brooks ..... Army
Everett Brown ..... Army
Edward Brown ..... Navy
Hugh Brown ..... Army
William Bryant ..... Army
Ralph Burnell ..... Army
Samuel Burnell ..... Army Air Corps
Vernon Burnell ..... Marines
Leland Burnham ..... Navy
Robert Burns ..... Army
James Carlson ..... Army
Robert Carlson ..... Navy
Richard Carsley ..... Marines
Francis Cash ..... Navy
Arthur Chadbourne ..... Army
Guy Chadbourne ..... Navy
George Chandler ..... Army
Philip Chandler ..... Army
Philip Clark ..... Navy
Nathaniel Cobb ..... Army
Enoch Cook ..... Army
Kenneth Crocker ..... Army
Forest Crosby ..... H. D.
Leon Crosby ..... Army Air Corps
Burton Cushman ..... Navy
Guy Cushman ..... Army
Harold Davis ..... Army Air Corps
Norman Delano ..... Army
Arthur Drisko ..... Army
Leslie Dudley ..... H. D.
Carleton Eastman ..... Army
Maxine Eastman ..... Waves
Thomas Easton ..... Army
Bert Edson ..... Seabees
Milton Emerson ..... Army
Carl Farnham ..... Army
Lawrence Flagg ..... Army
Arthur Fleck ..... Navy
Sherman Fleck ..... Army
Alvin Flint ..... Army
Raymond Fogg ..... Army
Arthur Foster ..... Army
Kermit Foster ..... Army
William Foster ..... Seabees
Ralph French ..... Army
Benjamin Gammon ..... Army
Clifford Gammon ..... Army
Thomas Gay ..... Navy
Fred Gleason ..... Army
Harold Graffam ..... Marines
Stanley Gray ..... Army
William Gray ..... Navy
Edward Haggett ..... Army
Bernard Hall ..... Army Air Corps
James Halkett ..... Army Air Corps

Russell Halkett ..... Army Air Corps
Thomas Hanlon ..... Army Air Corps
Ernest Harmon ..... Marines
Raymond Harmon ..... Army
Edward Hatch ..... Army
Henry Hebb ..... Army
Walter Heino ..... Navy
Gordon Hibbard ..... Army
Merle Hibbard ..... Army Air Corps
William Hibbard ..... Army
Winifred Hibbard ..... Navy
Richard Higgins ..... Marines
Ralph Hill ..... Army
Maurice Hilton ..... H. D.
Wilbur Hilton ..... Army
Donald Holden ..... Army
Arthur Howard ..... Army
Vernon Irish ..... Army Air Corps
John Irving ..... Army
Ernest Jewett ..... Army
Norman Jewett ..... Army
Edward Johnson ..... Navy
David Johnson ..... Navy
Wesley Johnson ..... Navy
Lewis Jones ..... Navy
Gordon Jones ..... Navy
Frederick Keller ..... Army
Charles Keniston ..... Army
Delmar Keniston ..... Army
Carl Kilborn ..... Army
Robert Kimball ..... Army
Wilbur Kimball ..... Marines
Jack Knight ..... Marines
Louis Kroot ..... Army
Cayrel Leavitt ..... Army Air Corps
Ernest Leavitt ..... P. W.—Army
John Leavitt ..... Army
Ralph Leavitt ..... Army Air Corps
Roger Leavitt ..... Army
Joseph Leighton ..... Marines
Kenneth Leighton ..... Navy
Freeman Libby ..... Army
Linwood Libby ..... Army Air Corps
Merton Libby ..... Army
Frederick Linscott ..... Army
Ralph Linscott ..... Army
Kenneth Littlefield ..... Marines
Burton Mabry ..... Army
Martin Mackie ..... Army
Reginald Mains ..... Navy
Warren Marsters ..... Army
Donald Martin ..... Army
Delmore Maxfield ..... Army
Earle Merrill ..... Army
Claude Monk ..... Navy
Harry Monk ..... Navy
Francis Moran ..... Army
Charles Morris, Jr. ..... Army
Arnold Moulton ..... Army
Donald Mowatt ..... Navy
Hartley Mowatt ..... Army
Milton Oberg ..... Army
Blanche Oldridge ..... Waves
Everett Peaco ..... Army
Ronald Peaco ..... Army
Albert Pelletier ..... H. D.
Charles E. Pelletier ..... Marines
Charles Pelletier ..... Army
Clifford Perham ..... Army
Otis Perry ..... Marines
Harold Peterson ..... Navy
Russell Philbrick ..... Navy
Frank Pike, Jr. ..... Navy
Robert Pike ..... Navy
Ethelbert Plummer ..... Army
Richard Porter ..... H. D.
Ivory Purington, Jr. ..... Navy
James Richardson ..... Army
William Riddle ..... Army
Freeman Roberts ..... Army
Howard Rogers ..... Army
Harry Ross ..... Navy
Elmer Ryerson ..... Army
Gordon Sanborn ..... Army
Alton Sawyer ..... Army
Clifford Sawyer ..... Army
Andy Shaw ..... Army
Forrest Shaw ..... Army

Lawrence Shaw ..... Marines
Robert Shaw ..... Army
Henry Shorey ..... Army
Carleton Smith ..... Marines
Paul Steadman ..... Army
Charles St. John ..... Marines
Lawrence St. John ..... Marines
John Stover ..... Army
Wesley Stover ..... H. D.
Josephine Strout ..... Wacs
William Strout ..... Army
Parker Stuart ..... Army
John Summors ..... Army
Philip Thomes ..... H. D.
Arthur Thompson ..... Army
Frank Thompson ..... Army
Fred Towne ..... Navy
Willard Towne ..... Army
John Underwood ..... Army
Robert Underwood ..... Navy
Joseph Unnold ..... Army
Thomas Unold ..... Army
Merle Weeman ..... Navy
Joseph Wells ..... Army
Edward Wentworth ..... Army
Robert Wentworth ..... H. D.
Walter Wentworth ..... H. D.
Marshall Wescott ..... Merchant Marines
Jack Weymouth ..... Army
Charles Whitehouse ..... Seabees
Frederick Whitney ..... Army
Harry Whitney ..... Navy
Robert Wilson ..... Marines
Jack Woodis ..... Merchant Marines
Ernest Woodman ..... Navy
Edward Woolley ..... Navy
Frederick Woolley ..... Army
Russell Woolley ..... Naval Air Corps
Ernest Wyman ..... Army

☆ ☆ ☆

School Notes

FRENCH CLUB

At the first meeting of the French Club this year the following officers were elected:

President, Thomas Skelton; vice president, Ruth Stiles; treasurer, Wyvern Smith; secretary, Charlotte Prentice.

Because some of the out-of-town pupils could not come to our meetings at night we have not held many of them but we hope to hold a few in the next two months.

The French Club and the Commercial Club held a joint Christmas party this year which everyone enjoyed.

A Valentine dance in February also was sponsored by the club.

The next issue of "Scratches" is to be put out by this club.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

Our first meeting was held on September 17, 1943. The following officers were elected:

President, Margaret Wentworth; vice president, Idyllene Smith; secretary, Donald Gammon for 3 months; Norma Ward for remainder of year; treasurer, Verna Martin.

The Commercial Club published two issues of "Scratches." Every member enthusiastically offered his services.

The Hallowe'en Dance which was sponsored by the Commercial Club was a huge success.

The Christmas Party for the Commercial Club members and the French Club members was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended it.

All the meetings have not been strictly on the business side. Movies at one of the local theatres and refreshments afterwards at one of the ice cream parlors have been enjoyed.

Commercial pins have been discussed, but no definite decision has been made yet.

This club has made donations to the Red Cross, to the Salvation Army, and to the Bridgton Hospital.

Plans for an Easter dance and entertainment are now being made. Later on in the spring, the Commercial Club is having a banquet.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council consists of eleven members elected by the student body. The Senior Class has five members; the Juniors, three; the Sophomores, two; and the Freshmen, one. The officers of the year 1943-1944 were: Donald Gammon, president; Wyvern Smith, vice president; and Verna Martin, secretary.

From the proceeds of the magazine sales this year, we have purchased a new Honor Roll. It has been placed at the head of the main stairs by the Freshman room. It has the names of the boys from Bridgton High School on it. We are very proud of it.

We have also bought a new flag for assemblies and public speakings, and a turntable for use with the new moving picture machine.

In the future the Student Council will have more authority over the student body.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club consists of twenty-eight members. Rehearsals have been held weekly singing two- and three-part music. At present the songs for the graduation program are being rehearsed and are: "Our Flag," by W. J. Guerd, and "Maine," by Charles H. Mackay, a Bridgton musician and teacher of trumpet.

BAND

The school band has sixteen members this year and we are proud to claim it as a thrifty organization of B. H. S. Its cooperation in all school activities is much appreciated. Their selections for prize-

speaking and graduation are being rehearsed weekly. Attendance has been fine throughout the year and much interest shown. Mrs. Grace Richardson, music supervisor, is the director of both musical organizations.

JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual Junior Prize Speaking Contest was held April 28th, at the Methodist Church. The program, a credit to Bridgton High School, is as follows:

Music ..... School Band
The Garden Across the Street .....
Dorothy Smith
The Unknown Soldier ..... Eli Kroot
That We Might Be Saved .....
Alice Knight
Music ..... School Band
Freshman Reception at Siwash .....
Wyvern Smith
Mercedes ..... Virginia Purington
The Cask of Amontillado .....
Thomas Skelton, Jr.
Music ..... School Band
At the Swimming Pool .....
Patricia Sanborn
The Failure of Success .. Wilfred Bowley
Ma's Monday Morning ..... Lois Kimball

The judges were Miss Rita Churchill and Mrs. Doris Kendall of Bridgton Academy and Mrs. Daphne Merrill of Fryeburg Academy.

First places were designated for both boys and girls, and trophies awarded to them. These were won by Thomas Skelton and Patricia Sanborn. Second prizes of two dollars were given and the winners of these were Wyvern Smith and Virginia Purington.

All contestants were awarded school letters with the D for excellence in declamation.

SENIOR PLAY

This year the annual Senior play was presented by a complete cast of girls, in "The Other Ghost," at the Mayfair Theatre, January 19th.

The cast of characters was as follows:
Hester Thorpe ..... Miss Trudell
Tabetha Moore ..... Margaret Wentworth
Eudora Benning ..... Idyllene Smith
Sylvia Kirkland ..... Elaine Craig
Nancy Jerome ..... Alyce Peary
Joyce Penniman ..... Phyllis Linscott
Annette Sale ..... Alberta Graffam
Lucy Marrisong ..... Verna Martin
Lizzie Gordon ..... Gloria Knight
Grace Gibson ..... Charlotte Prentice

Synopsis

Act 1. The main room of a mountain cabin on an autumn night.

Act 2. The same. Ten minutes later.

Act 3. The same. Two hours later.

The school band furnished the music and Miss He'en Heel played violin solos.

A record crowd made the profits to the Senior class very satisfactory. The play was coached by Miss Ella Gerrish, the English teacher, to whom the class presented a small gift in token of their appreciation of her assistance.

GLEE CLUB

Back Row: Wentworth, Bryant, Oberg, Peary, Whitney, Driskell.
Middle Row: Stiles, Leavitt, Delano, Sanborn, Ridlon, Kenison, Lord.
Front Row: C. Libby, Sawyer, Crabtree, D. Libby, Alexander, B. Libby, Knight.

BAND

Back Row: Walker, Plunkett, Field.
Middle Row: Miss Baker, Gardiner, Woodbury, Curtis, McDaniels, Shaw, Driskell, Mrs. Richardson.
Front Row: Palmer, Pearson, Murch, Sanborn, Bryant, Procter.

Jokes

JOKES

"Say have you ever heard of a person having three feet?"

"No, I haven't. Why?"

"Well, I received a letter from my aunt, and she said that I wouldn't know my cousin Johnny because he has grown another foot."

* * *

The Jones family was "putting on the dog" for some important guests. The gravy dish was almost empty, and as Mrs. Jones left the table to refill it, little Junior exclaimed: "Please give me some gravy, ma, before you water it."

* * *

"What do you have if you have four ducks in a box?"

"I don't know, what?"

"A box of quackers."

* * *

"Yes, ma'am," said the old sailor, "during the last war the ship I was on was sunk in the Atlantic and I lived on a can of sardines for a week."

"Tell me," she asked, "weren't you afraid of falling off?"

* * *

A doctor says that men with bald heads usually are diplomatic. Smooth, eh?

* * *

Joe: "Did you get any relief when you went to the dentist?"

Jim: "Yeah, the dentist wasn't there."

* * *

Wife: "What a nerve this man has to charge us $10 for towing us half a mile."

Husband: "I'm making him earn it, though. I've got my brakes on."

* * *

"How can you afford to take your girls to such expensive eating places?"

"As we enter, I ask each one if she hasn't been putting on weight lately."

Teacher: "Who can tell me what made Francis Scott Key famous? All right, Bennie."

Bennie: "He knew all four verses of the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

* * *

Teacher: "I asked you to write about the funniest thing you ever saw. Why have you passed in this blank paper?"

Joe: "The funniest thing I ever saw was too funny for words."

* * *

Said the boots to the cowboy: "You ride; I'll go on foot."

* * *

The big nose to the little one: "Hi, bud!"

* * *

One light to another: "Let's go out tonight."

* * *

One ear to another: "Funny, we haven't met—we live on the same block."

* * *

Then there's the one about the moron who went to the lumber yard to see his draft board.

* * *

Imagine the confusion of a house-wife, who recently questioned the high price of a pillow, only to have the salesman explain to her that down is up.

* * *

Customer: "These eggs aren't fresh."

Grocer: "The boy just brought them from the country."

Customer: "What country?"

* * *

Mr. Reagan (in Physics): "Now, Wentworth, if you got on one side of the teeter-board and a person half your weight got on the other side—"

Fred Wentworth: "Half my weight?"

Mr. Reagan: "Yes, that would be enough."

Mrs. Oberg (in Home Economics class): "How do you like the Tarzan serial?"

Sadie Drowns: "I don't know, I haven't tried any."

* * *

Mr. Reagan: "Name a liquid that won't freeze."

E. Kroot: "Hot water."

* * *

Miss Garrish: "Is it cold in here?"

Miss Merry: "Yes."

Miss Garrish: "I don't think so."

Miss Merry: "A woman from Aroostook wouldn't think so, anyway."

* * *

Miss Merry (in Business Training): "What are the three officers that make up the bankrupt party?"

M. Boutilier: "Receiver, trustee, and er-er—"

Miss Merry: "What is there on a basketball floor?"

M. Boutilier: "A center."

* * *

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

He rushed wildly through the hall. His face was contorted. Foam dripped from his lips. Children leaped from his path. He looked like a man gone mad. Finally he shouted, "Say, can't a fellow even brush his teeth any more without the water being shut off?"

* * *

T. Skelton: "I wonder where all the pins go?"

W. Bowley: "I can't say, they are all pointing one way and headed the other."

Mr. Reagan: "What are you looking so sad about, Mr. Andrews?"

Mr. Andrews: "I feel like a sleep owl."

Mr. Reagan: "What do you mean?"

Mr. Andrews: "I don't give a hoot."

* * *

Mrs. Pearson: "Verna, name the forward characters."

Verna: "I can't remember them all."

Mrs. Pearson: "I couldn't if I didn't have the book open."

* * *

A. Irish (after nearly being run down by Mr. Andrews): "Why didn't you go around?"

Mr. Andrews: "I wasn't sure I had gas enough."

* * *

O. Smart: "Until I met you my life had been a desert."

S. Drowns: "Well, that must explain why I've been thinking about camels ever since we've been dancing."

* * *

It seems the song, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," was written several years too soon.

* * *

Fussy Aunt: "And what brought you to town, Henry?"

Henry: "Oh, I just came to see the sights and I thought I'd call on you first."

* * *

"Why did you ask her for a date?"

"Because she's so different from all the other girls I know."

"How's that?"

"She'll go with me."

Alumni

1939

Lewis Andrews is working in a saw mill in Harrison.

Haven Ayer is in the Army.

Joyce Brown is married to Dwight Foster and living in Portland.

Dorothy Carlson is married and living in Massachusetts.

Louise Burnell is married to Myron Chaplin and living in Naples.

Myron Chaplin is married to Louise Burnell and employed at the Portland Shipyard.

Thomas Easton is in the Army.

Carl Farnham is in the Army.

Lawrence Flagg is in the Army.

Minnie Flint married Rudolph Valle and is living in Sweden.

Raymond Fogg is in the Army.

Milton Gilkey is farming in Harrison.

Rowena Haggett is employed at Pratt-Whitney in Conn.

Gordon Hibbard is in the Army.

Norman Jewett is in the Army.

Martin Mackie is married and in the Army.

Marguerite Moran is married and living in Miami, Fla.

Rachel Morrison is living at her home in town.

Blanche Oldredge is in the Waves.

Ronald Peaco is in the Army Air Forces.

Eugenie Reynolds married John Fabello and is living in North Bridgton.

Wendell Robinson married Bessie Witham and is employed at the Portland Shipyard.

Arlene Russell is employed by the George Cabot Insurance Agency in Bridgton.

Edna Sargent is married to Paul Mackie and is living in Bridgton.

Josephine Strout is in the Wacs.

William Strout is in the Army.

Joseph Wells is married to Mary Hammond and is in the Army.

Louise Weymouth is in the office of the Hunnewell Trucking Co. in Portland.

1940

George Bowley, Jr. is in the Navy.

Everett Brown, Jr., is in the Army.

Barbara Burnell is married to Henry Perry and residing in Cumberland Mills.

Birdes Burns is employed in Portland.

Eleanor Carlson is attending Hunter College.

Phyllis Crosby is employed at Pratt-Whitney in Conn.

Miriam Crosby is married and residing in Rhode Island.

Maxine Eastman is in the Waves.

Bert Edson is in the Seabee's.

Milton Emerson is in the Army.

Malcolm Haggett is married to Nadine Moulton and employed at the Portland Shipyard.

Thelma Philbrick is married and residing in Portland.

Robert Kimball is in the Army.

Esther Libby is teaching at Wiscasset Academy.

Linwood Libby is in the Army Air Corps.

Florence Mayberry is married and residing in Waterford.

Claude Monk is in the Navy.

Gordon Mowatt married Elsie Robbins and is employed in the Portland Shipyard.

Mary Pitts has a government position in Washington.

Leona Plunkett is employed at Portland.

James Richardson is in the Army.

Elsie Robbins is married to Gordon Mowatt and residing in Bridgton.

Lawrence Shaw is in the Marine Corps.

Phyllis Thompson is married and employed at Houlton Air Base.

Robert Underwood is married to Gloria Dunn and is in the Navy.

Coralie Warren is married to Richard Divan and residing in East Boston.

Fred Whitney is married to Marguerite Merrill and is in the Army.

Bessie Witham is married to Wendell Robinson and residing in Bridgton.

Claire Woodis is employed in the office of the South Portland Shipyard.

Edward Woolley is in the Navy.

Phyllis Woolley is married and residing in Willimantic, Conn.

Pauline Leavitt is married to Raymond Martikainen and living in Harrison.

1941

Samuel Burnell is married to Virginia Tracy and is in the Army Air Corps.

Phillip Chandler is in the Army.

Betty Cockburn is in training at the Maine General Hospital in Portland.

Leon Crosby is in the Army Air Corps.

Aristine Downs is married to Lewis Evans and employed at the Portland Shipyard.

Muriel Evans is employed in the Internal Revenue Office at Portsmouth, N. H.

Barbara Green is in training at the Maine General Hospital in Portland.

Russell Halkett is in the Army Air Corps.

Ernest Harmon is in the Marine Corps.

Emma Harney is employed at Swanson's in Bridgton.

Ralph Hill is in the Army.

Jayne Hogan is married and living in Bridgton.

Arline Howe is married to Andrew McLeod and residing in Bridgton.

Flora Jewett is employed in Portland.

Beverly Johnson is in training at the Maine General Hospital in Portland.

Edward Johnson is in the Navy.

Ervin Linscott is helping his father on the farm in Bridgton.

Audrey Merrow is married to George Kennison and residing in Gorham, Maine.

Harry Monk is in the Navy.

Nadine Moulton is married to Malcolm Haggett and residing in Bridgton.

Milton Oberg is in the Army.

Roger Pendexter is married and working in the Portland Shipyard.

Harold Peterson is in the Navy.

Russell Philbrick is in the Navy.

Carol Plunkett is working in a government office in Portland.

Freeman Roberts is married to Ruth Andrews and is in the Army.

Phyllis Robinson is working in a machine shop in Portland.

Kathleen Sanborn is in an Art School in Boston.

Mary Schiavi is attending the Bryant-Stratton School in Boston.

Paul Steadman is married and in the Army.

Fred Towne is in the Navy.

Margaret Trumbell is working in Portsmouth, N. H.

Walter Wentworth has received his honorable discharge from the Navy after Foreign Service.

Jack Weymouth is in the Army.

Jack Woodis is in the Merchant Marine.

1942

Leona Bowley is working at the Army Air Forces Technician Training Detachment at Bowdoin College.

James Briggs is in the Army.

Leona Butler is working in Brunswick.

Greta Chadbourne is married and working at the Hooper-Holmes Bureau in Portland.

Maxine Crosby is working in the Central Maine Power Co. in Bridgton.

Gloria Dunn is married to Robert Underwood and residing in Bridgton.

Kathleen Fahey is employed in Portland.

Eunice Fitton is attending the New England Conservatory of Music.

Charlotte Flint is attending Westbrook Junior College in Portland.

Eugenie Graffam is married to Gordon Brill and is residing in Bridgton.

Thomas Hanlon is in the Army Air Corps.

Charlotte Heslop is employed at Portland.

Mary Howard is married and living in Harrison.

Grace Hoyt is working in her father's store and residing at home.

David Johnson is in the Navy.

Glenna Johnson is in training at the Bangor Hospital.

Frances Kimball is employed at John Schiavi's store in Bridgton.

Josephine Leavitt is married to Merle Tenney and residing in Naples.

Phyllis Libby is employed in the Portland Shipyard.

Marguerite Merrill is married to Fred Whitney and is employed in Portland.

Jennie Mitchell is married to Norman Larson and residing in Naples.

Hazel Morton is residing at her home.

Virginia Oberg is residing at her home in Bridgton.

Frank Pike is in the Navy.

Dorothy Schiavi is married and working in her father's store.

Hartley Staley is working at the Red and White store in Bridgton.

Arthur Thompson is in the Army.

Gertrude York is residing at home.

1943

Josephine Boutilier is working for the Smith Sign Co. in Bridgton.

Norman Bresette is in the Navy.

Vernon Burnell is in the Marine Corps.

Margaret Bushkovski is married and residing in North Carolina.

Francis Cash is in the Navy.

Harold Davis is in the Army.

Miriam Easton is in training at the Bangor Hospital.

Dorothy Edson is employed at the Central Maine Power Co. in Bridgton.

Rilla Fogg is working in the American Can Co. in Portland.

Audrey Grey is employed at the State Theatre in Bridgton.

Mary Grey is employed in the office of the Woolen Mill in Bridgton.

Madelyn Haggett is employed in Conn.

James Halkett is in the Army Air Forces.

Sylvia Harmon is married and residing in Waterford.

Merle Hibbard is in the Army Air Corps.

Gail Howe is in the Army Nurse Corps stationed at Portland.

Dorothy Brooks is employed at Portland.

Laurel Johnson is employed at Boston.

Wilbur Kimball is in the Marine Corps.

Ralph Leavitt is in the Army Air Corps.

Phyllis Leipold is in the Army Nurse Corps stationed at Portland.

Eleanor Libby is married and employed at the Mayfair Theatre at Bridgton.

Elizabeth Locke is in the New England Conservatory of Music.

Delmore Maxfield is in the Army.

Martha Maxfield is employed by the John Hancock Insurance Co. of Boston.

Janet Monk is married and residing in Conn.

Arnold Moulton is in the Army.

Verrice Moulton is employed at Swanson's in Bridgton.

Charles Pelletier is in the Marine Corps.

Effie Pitts is married and residing at home.

Athalie Plummer is employed at Prentice's at Bridgton.

Jane Sanborn is married and residing at South Bridgton.

Andrew Shaw is in the Army.

Virginia Shaw is residing at home.

Carleton Smith is in the Marine Corps.

Samuel Stuart is a Sophomore at the University of Maine.

Marion Thompson is employed at Portland.

Virginia Tracy married Samuel Burnell and is residing at home.

Josps Unnold is in the Army.

Charles Whitehouse is in the Seabee's.

Harry Whitney is in the Navy.

Jessie Witham is married and working

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